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1846

INAUGURAL ADDRESS,  
DELIVERED AT THE  
OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,  
DELAWARE, OHIO,

AT ITS  
ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, AUG. 5, 1846,

BY  
EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.,  
PRESIDENT, AND PROFESSOR OF MORAL SCIENCE AND BELLESLETTRES.

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SCINCINNATI:  
PRINTED AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

R. P. Thompson, Printer.  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following Inaugural Address was delivered at the Methodist Church, in Delaware, August 5th, 1846, before the Trustees, Visitors, and Students of the University, and a large audience; and is published in pursuance of the following resolutions, passed by the Board of Trustees, then in session:

*"Resolved,* That the Trustees and Visitors of the Ohio Wesleyan University have listened, with deep interest and great edification, to the able and eloquent Inaugural Address, delivered this day by President Thomson, on the occasion of his installation into office, as President of said institution; and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof to the Board, for publication.

*"Resolved,* That a committee of three be appointed, to procure the printing and publication of 5,000 copies of said address, in pamphlet form."

SAMUEL WILLIAMS,  
THOMAS ORR,  
CHARLES ELLIOTT,  
*Committee of Publication.*

*Delaware, O., August 5, 1846.*

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

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THE Ohio Wesleyan University originated in the liberality and public spirit of Delaware, a village which, by the centrality and accessibility of its position, the beauty of its rural prospects, and the intelligence, morality, and catholic feeling of its inhabitants, is admirably suited to such an institution. We wonder not that the thought of establishing it should occur to them; for who of classic associations can cross that brook, fringed with willows, or ascend yon gravel walk, shaded with majestic locusts, without thinking of the groves of sacred Academus; or who survey, from the margin of that stream, or the summits of those flowering hills, the edifice that rises so impressively upon his view, without fancying he beholds the temple of science.

It was easy to perceive, that a college, to be permanent, must be endowed, and to be useful, must be patronized; and that to secure both endowment and patronage, it must be placed under the fostering care of some religious denomination. Now to which of the sects in Ohio were the people of Delaware to look for the aid indispensable to the establishment of their literary institution? The lordly halls of Kenyon filled the eyes of Episcopalians, the neat edifices of Granville attracted the undivided attention of Baptists, whilst a score of classic piles were distracting the views and dividing the affections of Presbyterians; but, lo! the Methodists, with a membership of 150,000, had no literary institution of a higher grade than the academy. To them, therefore, it was natural that our citizens should turn. Accordingly, they sent a committee to the North Ohio conference, at its session in the fall of 1841, bearing a proposal to donate to it ten acres of ground, embracing the sulphur spring, and the present college edifice, on condition that it should, within a reasonable time, establish thereon a collegiate institution. While the conference unanimously gave due consideration to this proposition, many of its members thought it should be promptly, but respectfully declined: not that they were insensible to the liberality of our citizens, the eligibility of this location, or the duty of



their own body in relation to collegiate education; but as the conference already had under their patronage a seminary of elevated grade, laboring under heavy embarrassments, they feared that if conference should accept the proposition from Delaware, it would be unable to fulfill its obligations to Norwalk, and, perhaps, might be false to both. This opposition prevented the immediate acceptance of the offer. A resolution was, however, adopted, virtually referring it to the Ohio conference, which, after a brief discussion, passed resolutions appointing commissioners to accept the premises on the terms proposed, and purchase additional grounds. Opposition to the measure ceased from that moment.

Within a short time after the premises were accepted, a liberal charter was obtained, an efficient Board of Trustees organized, and a preparatory school opened, which has been continued without interruption ever since; and although we were under no obligations to organize a Faculty until five years after accepting the property, we have closed our second collegiate year.

Notwithstanding the many obstacles we have encountered, we have made some progress in endowing the institution. Our property is now as follows:

Ten acres of land, embracing the college edifice, donated by the citizens,	\$10,000
Five do., on which stands the residence of the President,	5,000
The Allen Farm, near Marion, O.,	10,000
Scholarship notes supposed unquestionable,	45,000
Land, and subscriptions known to be safe,	2,000
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	\$72,000
Our liabilities,	3,500

Our annual expenses are as follows:

Professors' salaries,	\$3,350
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To meet which, we may calculate with tolerable certainty upon the following annual resources:

Tuition bills,	\$1,000
Interest on scholarships,	2,500
Rent of farm, near Marion,	300
	<hr/>
	\$3,800

Our immediate wants are, however, about four thousand dollars.

If we compare our condition with the resources of our Church, or the magnitude of our enterprise, we shall have reason for discouragement. If we contrast our premises with those of Yale or Harvard, or survey them in view of those immense quadrangles, and superb chapels, and lofty towers, that rise upon the astonished

vision in the literary Babylons of the old world, we sink into appalling insignificance. But let us not despise the day of small things. Yale College commenced with thirty pounds, and accompanied the earth twenty times in her journey around the sun, before it had an edifice or endowment equal to our own. The transatlantic universities were once as low as we, and in their progress to their present glory, they have seen nations rise and fall, and long lines of royal patrons gathered to their fathers. *We* are in the wilderness, our footsteps are over the fresh graves of barbarians, and the echoes of the warhoop have scarce died away upon our hills. Though the *things* of the day be small, not so its expectations. We may be *quieted* with indispensables, but not *contented*. We shall go on, as our means increase, to erect a neat and commodious chapel—to obtain an opulent library, containing the treasures of the wisdom and knowledge both of the ancients and moderns—to erect a laboratory, and fill its apartments with apparatus and cabinet, perfect and unsurpassed—to erect and furnish rows of neat cottages, each embosomed in a lovely garden, where the poor, but virtuous and diligent pupil can retire for study under his own vine and arbor, and take honey from his own bee-hive—to complete our endowment, and establish popular lectureships, by which the community may be instructed in important branches of science without entering college classes. President and professors will go down to the narrow-house, but the University, we hope, will go up to realize these broad and lofty expectations. To justify this hope, let us glance at our *prospects*.

I. These are founded upon *the interests of the citizens of Delaware*. The institution originated with them, and their personal pride is involved in its success. They feel grateful to the denomination which came so generously and promptly to their aid, and will express that gratitude in a suitable mode. Tell me not of bigotry and sectarian jealousy. Conscious of our integrity and liberality, we fear no *righteous* opposition; and trusting in God and our own right arms, we dread no *unrighteous* one. Misunderstanding may occur, but it cannot last; and the opposition founded upon it must vanish with itself. It is matter of joy to me that the University is located in a community divided in political and religious opinions: the friction of a mixed society prevents dogmatism and develops energy.

The University promotes the *wealth* of the town. The blindness which cannot see this, must be as unnatural as the indifference which cannot feel it. It may not be amiss, however, to exhibit a few figures on this point.

The institution has brought hither five professors' families, whose expenses will average \$450 per annum, . . . . .	\$2,350
One unmarried professor, . . . . .	250
It has already induced, at least, seven other families to take up their abode here, whose expenses, perhaps, may average \$450, . . . . .	3,150
The students will probably average one hundred, besides those belonging to families resident here, and their boarding will average sixty dollars per annum, . . . . .	6,000
The cost of their books will be not less than . . . . .	1,000
Incidental expenses, professional services, clothing purchased here, &c., will not vary much from . . . . .	1,000
Expenses of parents, and other visitors of students and professors, and the trade they bring, may be estimated at . . . . .	2,000
	<hr/>
	\$15,750

This amount will probably be doubled after the institution shall have been five years longer in operation. A number of lots have been purchased by families, who intend to remove here shortly, to enjoy the benefits of the University. A considerable number of houses (we have reason to suppose) have been erected here, which would have been reared elsewhere, had not this institution been founded. Moreover, it is destined to give additional fame to the spring, and a sagacious business man, foreseeing this result, is erecting a building where golden visitors may throng. The University has increased the value of the real estate in the place and vicinity. This cannot be estimated at less than \$300,000, nor can it have enhanced in value from the institution less than twenty per cent. Here, then, is a donation to Delaware of \$60,000. If any one think this extravagant, let him inquire. We have spoken only of the direct influences; let us advert to the indirect. The prosperity of an inland town, possessing no water privileges, or other local advantages, must depend upon that of the surrounding country: the prosperity of a country depends very much upon its intelligence. Remove the present inhabitants of Delaware county, and substitute for them a rude tribe of Indians, and what would its farms be worth? What would the village of Delaware bring? Make every farmer as intelligent as Professor Silliman, and every acre, every plough, every turnep, would be trebled in value, and resources that may lie hidden for ages might suddenly come to light. Heretofore, farmers have not felt the necessity of science; but when they shall have worn



out the forest mold, they will learn that the value of a farm is intimately related to the knowledge of the owner. But how shall a people become intelligent? Provide common schools, and compel the attendance of children, and you have but taken the first step in the public education. You must take three more. 1. You must secure competent teachers, without which the school is a farce and a curse. Where are you to obtain these? Men in commercial, professional, or agricultural life, have neither the habits nor the inclination for teaching. If they had, they would not abandon those lucrative pursuits for a scanty support. To the young men you must look; and where are they to acquire suitable qualifications? At the college. 2. You need competent school directors and examiners. And *who* are competent? Not they who are acquainted merely with grammar, arithmetic, and geography. They who have studied nothing else, know not these. You require men of enlightened minds, of comprehensive views, of disciplined powers, who can take an interest in the diffusion of knowledge, examine the different modes of instruction, analyze and test proposed improvements in education, and introduce such as are truly valuable. Whence do such men come? In nearly every district where the common school prospers are graduates, to whom its vigor may be traced. 3. You need school books. Who shall write them? He who knows not the laws of the human mind, would make but a sorry text-book in arithmetic; he who has no acquaintance with ancient languages, would compile but a meagre grammar; and let none but an educated man, write even a primer. The farther a mind is in darkness, the greater the genius required to bring it into light: much skill is requisite to write for a man, yet more to write for a child. Colleges are needful to awaken and perpetuate an *interest* in common schools. The influence of colleges, in elevating society, is immediate as well as remote. A farmer, coming to the seat of learning to dispose of his produce, hears a favorable account of the students, and finding that he can support his son at the University without feeling it sensibly, determines to send him one session. The boy makes rapid progress, and the father is so well pleased that he continues him another session, and then another year. Upon his return, he is the pride of the father, and the joy of the mother. Showing his superiority, incidentally, in a thousand ways, he attracts brother and sister to the flowery

paths of knowledge, and leads them, by the route he himself has pursued, to the bright eminence which he has attained. He now organizes a debating club, and is elected president; he establishes a library, and is made librarian; he delivers a lecture on astronomy, and excites general admiration. The family now take higher rank in the neighborhood. But this stings the lads and lasses that have heretofore looked down upon them. Is not this, say they, Minor, the blacksmith? and was not James, his son, once our plough-boy? and are not his brethren, Joseph, and John, and Henry, all with us? Well, father, exclaim the youths, in a dozen cabins at once, we will go to college, too. Presently there is heard throughout the vicinage, a note of preparation—it enters the ears of young James, and is borne as on the wings of the wind to his joyous home, where it instantly provokes his family to resolve that, to keep their ground, he must return to college and graduate. Meanwhile this circle of emulation is constantly widening; and what is transpiring in this part of the county, is going on in others. Thus, in the region of the college, there is a gradual elevation of the whole platform of society. Industry is stimulated, intelligence diffused, improvements introduced, the public taste refined, enterprise provoked, acquaintance extended, and correspondence with distant points established: cabins become villas, swamps parterres, the forest is fragrant with the lily and the rose, and the whole land seems to be moving upward to the sun and the bosom of the clouds.

We have seen the influence of the college upon the *wealth* of the town. What will be the effect upon its *pleasures*? The young people being educated will become refined—for intellectual pleasures awaken a taste for the fine arts—the door yards will be adorned with shrubs, the gardens with statuary, the dwellings with paintings, and the evening carols of your children will be accompanied with tones sweet as those of the harp of David—the pleasures of sense, and the turbulence of passion, will, amid the general serenity, and beauty, and harmony, grow distasteful, and when the young gather to their feast, it will be a feast of reason, seasoned with the exhilarating pleasures of the eye and ear. *I* am not mad, but *ye are*, if ye estimate the influence of your college upon the social pleasures of the town, by a glance at those rude collegians that toss the ball on that green eminence, or lounge upon its grassy slope. Look to that incipient library receiving perpetual additions—to that

nucleus of a cabinet, which in its progressive enlargement will exhibit more and more of the beauties of nature—to that gallery of paintings, which, while I speak, many may form a fixed purpose to increase, until the eye can be feasted and the soul entranced—to that laboratory we have in view, where air will be analyzed, water decomposed, and lightning imprisoned—to those popular lectures on science, where the humblest of your citizens may learn philosophy. Look at the refined circles of New Haven. And what influence upon the *character* of the village does the college exert? It annually floats her name upon a thousand leaves on all the winds of heaven; it proclaims her praises upon the public breath through all the regions of the land; it writes your best words, and prints your best works, in a book; it praises your health, and apologizes for your sickness; it will grave your lovely scenery with an iron pen, and lead, if not in the rock for ever.

Nor must we omit to inquire, what will be the influence of the college upon your village in coming ages? The Eternal City may become a waste, but the dominion of her nobler minds will endure to all generations. The college, if fostered, will not only embalm the memory of its founders, but give immortality to their sons. Whence come earth's great ones—the Jeffersons, the Erskines, the Websters: the founders of constitutions, the expounders of law, the ambassadors of nations? As a general rule, from the college. Hither come the bench, the bar, the senate chamber, the pulpit, the throne, to fill their vacant seats. Place the names of your children upon the college catalogue, and, as a general rule, you enroll them upon the scroll of respectability, if not of fame. Graduate them, and they are fair candidates for the highest honors and emoluments of the government. How great, then, the advantages you possess over the people of many neighboring towns!

The college, moreover, tends to produce a homogeneous community. In nature, in providence, in grace, God creates distinctions. To *his* will we should bow; but to make artificial ones is to thwart his design. It is the *glory* of this Union, that this government can create no aristocracy; it is her *shame*, that the purse can. It is perpetually drawing, in every city and village, a broad line of demarkation, which stops not even at the temple or the grave. But let the children of a town be well educated, that line will be narrowed,



if not obliterated. Let them sit side by side through a full course, and they will go out brethren in the bands of light.

There are, I know, disadvantages connected with a literary institution. Bad boys will play freaks. But if any think that these outweigh the advantages, I say not he is *witless*, but that the watch of his wits needs *winding up*.

II. The prospects of the institution will appear good, if we consider *the interest of the foster conferences in its success*. They passed resolutions accepting, with its conditions, the donation of the citizens, and determined to endow the University speedily—permanently. These resolutions are pledges to the citizens of Delaware, to the legislature, and to the public—they bind the promisors in the mode the promisees understood them—they secure all reasonable energies of the conferences to their fulfillment, and bar all action inconsistent therewith. Some may, perhaps, think them of little consequence. What! who compose these conferences? For the most part, men aged, wise, good. Are *they* not to be trusted? Have *their* brains lost the scent of true policy? Itinerant preachers may know little of *books*, but surely they know something of *men* and *things*. They are not prone to involve themselves in heavy liabilities without consideration? And were not these conferences sincere as well as considerate? Are *their* speeches but the explosions of tickled lungs? Are their votes but the utterances of “little nestlings that cry out on the top of question?” Have they never read the Ten Commandments? Even men without the Bible, do not often voluntarily assume obligations they do not intend to fulfill. We trust in the Indian’s pipe of peace—we rely on the resolve of lawless Arabs, gathered around the slaughtered caravan, and clamoring for the spoils—we confide even in the pirate crew upon the deck slippery with the blood of their victims, when they deliberately *resolve*, and can we not trust in a body of Christian ministers, who venerate truth, not only as the bond of society, but as the attribute of God? But, perchance, they will some day see a better location, or have a better offer, or find the village of Delaware supine and faithless. What of that? “Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.” But may we not see in the already written history of this institution, an earnest of the final fulfillment of the largest conference promises? North Ohio



and Ohio conferences have sent out agents into every corner of the state to solicit donations on its behalf, given liberally to its funds from their own resources, borrowed means on their own credit to pay its debts, and sent members from their own bodies to fill its professorships. We, upon this platform, know our fathers and brethren, and would not be here, had we doubted their sincerity. We have no wish to enact a farce at a sulphur spring, or to feed, promise-crammed, upon the air. But is not collegiate education, *new* and *strange* to Methodism? Nay: she was born, cradled, and baptized within college walls, and she has manifested a zeal for education worthy her origin. What Church in the United States, save one, is founding so many literary institutions as she? But are not her seminaries of learning the results of youthful zeal and indiscretion? True, many of our young and educated men are doing duty manfully in this department, but many others (we say it more in sorrow than in anger) are indifferent to our educational enterprises, as if they would fain see the seats which death vacates around them, filled up with the ignorant, that they might the better "lord it over God's heritage." The old preachers are the hope of our college. When this institution first went up to the North Ohio conference, its *senior* members were her advocates: they are still her firm and ardent friends. When she first knocked at the door of the Ohio conference, and when her enemies waxed strong in their resistance, and her friends became weak with fear, who was it that arose, and, by an overmastering eloquence, prostrated all opposition, and raised every hand for her admittance? It was one whose temples are crowned with hoary locks. When she went up last autumn naked and hungry to yonder temple of convocation in Cincinnati, who ran to meet her in the vestibule, and fell on her neck and kissed her, and throwing the best robe around her shoulders, and putting a golden ring upon her fingers, and shoes on her feet, led her to his brethren, and went up and down the aisles "making merry" with his friends? It was a father who, long since, seeking, like Abraham, a better country, pitched his tent upon this spot, before civilized man had reared his cabin near it, and who threaded the wilderness beyond, clad with a blanket, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in the wigwams of the savage. If the University pass through a fiery trial, to whom does she turn for an advocate? It is a man that trembles on his staff

who rises—it is an eye dimmed with age, that flashes with indignation, and a mind matured by three-score years and ten, that feels for the pillars of her assailant's argument. Look yonder! they are taking up a collection in conference. Here comes a young man well-dressed, well-fed, well-educated. He comes from a wealthy station, where he has married a rich wife. He would not have come at all, at this moment, but that, through inadvertence, he did not escape from the house before his name was called. As he steps to the table, he dryly says, "Set me down five dollars." But, now, an old man rises, pocket-book in hand, and moves toward the secretary's desk. Forty years ago, a vigorous youth, mounting his horse, bidding farewell to his weeping friends, and turning his eyes away from the alluring paths of honor and riches along the banks of the Potomac, he started, at the call of the Church, for the wilds of Ohio. The valley of the Muskingum was his circuit, and joyfully he sang the songs of Zion through the woods, looking up the home of the emigrant, to preach Jesus to him and his household. Sometimes the night overtakes him in a pathless swamp, and he spends the hours of darkness amid howling wolves or prowling bears. Sickness seizes him, but he rises before he has recovered, rejoicing to pursue his way. And now his natural force is abated, his eyes are dim, and a large family depends upon him for support. He comes this year from a circuit, where a people have sprung up that knew not Jacob, but on *Pisgah's* top he sings:

"No foot of land do I possess—  
No cottage in this wilderness,  
A poor, wayfaring man."

Well, when he reaches the table, he lays down twenty-five dollars, and blesses God that he has it to give to a Methodist college. I draw no fancy sketch. When I hear the Methodist preachers of former days accused of opposing education, I repel the charge (unless it be qualified) as a base calumny. 'Tis pseudo-Methodism, not genuine, that sneers at learning. Some of *her* preachers, I know, did underrate knowledge, and there are a few now among us, both old and young, of the same character. They will have nothing to do with science, because it is not the smooth stone from the brook: they won't use Goliath's sword, even to cut off Goliath's head. They tell us, God has no need of human *learning*; but they seem to think he has great need of human *ignorance*. We

believe he *can* carry on his work without either. The question is, whether he *will*. If not, which instrumentality will he select? a *fit* one or an *unfit*? Let the analogies of his providence answer. When, for instance, he sends an angel with a prophet's dinner, what does he give him? a bag of sand, or "cakes baken on the coals?"

Admit that the conferences are interested in sustaining the institution, will the people sustain *them*? We believe so.

They are able. A dollar from each member would answer all our purposes for an age. And can they not spare it? Hundreds of them give more than this annually to look at *monkeys*, and will they not give it to educate *men*? Multitudes give ten times that amount every year to burn *cigars*, and will they not give this much to enkindle immortal *minds*? Thousands of families among us have hoarded treasure, from which they might abstract enough for a college, and yet have sufficient left to bind the hands, and cord the feet, and blast the intellects, and blacken the hearts of their sons, and send them rattling down a turnpike road to hell. There is ten times enough surplus wealth in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Ohio to endow a University handsomely, and happy would it be for that Church could we withdraw it from her coffers, even if it were cast into the depths of the sea.

They are willing. Are not *Christians* ready to do their duty? What! is there no difference between the sinner and the Christian? What, then, is this difference? The same that there is between selfishness and benevolence, between *living* to this world, and *dying* to it, between laying up treasures on earth, and laying them up in *heaven*. And are Methodists all hypocrites? There may be among them *some* such, but the *body* are sincere: or are they deceived? is their profession empty air, their regeneration a chimera, and their rapture but the ardor of ill-regulated passion? Nay, verily. There is as much true, intelligent, self-sacrificing religion among them, as among any people on earth. Convince them of their duty, and they will do it. I believe they can be shown that it is their duty to sustain the Ohio Wesleyan University; therefore, I believe they *will*.

1. Is it not clearly the duty of a Church to give a thorough education to her best minds? Within the Methodist cabins of Ohio, there may be an Isaac Newton, or a Robert Hall; but, if uneducated, the one may be the village blacksmith, the other, the country magistrate,



and neither may be known beyond the limits of his native county. But Methodist youths may be sent to Presbyterian, or other colleges. That *has* been done, and what, generally, is the result? They are Methodists no longer, but give their talents to the Church which has educated them: according to the general law of Providence, that when a people do not improve their blessings, they are taken from them, and given to another that will bring forth the fruits thereof. There are, probably, one hundred Methodist youths in the other denominational colleges of this state.

2. It is the duty of the Church to furnish her proportion of teachers for the children of the republic.

3. She is bound to make a judicious use of all the means which Providence offers her of spreading the Gospel. One of the most efficient is the press. To some extent it has been employed by the Church, in the hands of Luther, Wesley, and others. It is still a great blessing, as used by the Churches; but look at its chief issues: silly poetry, corrupting novels, miserable heresy, concealed infidelity, and Atheistic science—"falsely so called"—stimulants to the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. It seems as if Satan had come up from the pit to manage the press. He employs the best ruined minds of earth to prepare its matter, and uses *Christian* as well as sinner fingers to set the type, and kindle the fires, and direct the steam, and catch the ten thousand sheets as they are thrown off every hour, and bear them, unbound, to the railroad depot, that they may be hurried to the ends of the earth, for the poisoning of the nations. Nor do these leaves merely preoccupy the irreligious and infidel mind; they are too often puffed by the religious press into the finest fields of the Church, to corrupt the fountains of her spiritual life. And how shall Zion rescue the press from its perversion? She must polish the minds of her noblest youth, until they can rival the glowing pages of Scott, and Voltaire, and Sue. A process which requires the college.

4. The Church is bound to keep pace with the age in knowledge, that she may turn its disclosures to good account. Within the last half century, the progress of Science has been unparalleled, and yet she seems but to have reached the vestibule of discovery. As all additions to science throw additional light upon the attributes of God, we might suppose that religion would advance foot to foot with learning—that every discovery would awaken in the philosophic



mind a deeper adoration of the Creator, an intenser interest in his word, and a stricter obedience to his commandments. But, alas! for human depravity. The philosopher can pass through the beautiful display of affinities in the ocean's depths, ascend the successive strata of the solid globe, and survey new wonders in the sidereal heavens, with an ungodly mind and a prayerless heart; nay, he often suffers his acquisitions to generate a sullen pride, which looks with scorn upon the claims of God, and the sacrifice of Christ. Atheism, Deism, and heresy join themselves to Science, and endeavor to turn her revelations against the Bible. If Paul's spirit was stirred within him when he saw the Athenian altar to the unknown God, should not the Church be awakened when she sees philosophy, riper than Athenian, questioning the existence of the Creator, amid the most sublime demonstrations of his power, and repudiating his mercy amid the most persuasive exhibitions of his love? Christianity should walk hand in hand with Science, through all her green and sunlit paths, teaching her to say with increased emphasis, at every ascending footstep, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty," and responding herself in that other and nobler strain, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." She should stand side by side with her upon the loftiest summits; and as Philosophy, pointing to the newly discovered sun, exclaims, "Hail, holy light!" Christianity, pointing beyond the stars, to that higher and holier light, whence stream, throughout the universe, the beams of righteousness, should cry out, "Halleluiah! halleluiah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" And that she may thus make the regions of science vocal with praise, she should have the discipline and the acquisitions of the college. Brethren may say, let other Churches attend to science—be it ours, like our fathers, to preach salvation. Our fathers did not merely do this. Witness Clarke, and Watson, and Benson, and Bunting. Circumstances, too, have changed since the days of our American fathers. Methodism can no longer, like the wild ass free, scorn the multitudes of the city, while she makes the wilderness her house, and the barren land her dwellings.

5. It is the duty of the Church to resist the encroachments of Romanism. I am, by no means, disposed to bring railing accusations against "Mother Church;" rather would I apologize for her. She has come down through ages of darkness and channels of corruption, what

wonder if her sight be weak, her garments defiled? The following propositions will, however, command a ready assent even from the most liberal, *enlightened* Christian charity, namely: That Romanism substitutes faith in the Church for faith in Christ; reduces faith itself from fiducial trust to mere assent; prevents the growth of her people in grace, by withholding the "sincere milk of the word;" weakens the authority of Gospel precepts, by her practices of indulgence and absolution; encumbers the simple ordinances of God with complex ceremonies of man, and grasps at the sceptre of the world, by assuming to take its conscience into her holy keeping. And, although in this country the principles of Romanism are modified by the progress of the age, the spirit of free institutions, and the influence of surrounding Protestantism; yet, we have every reason to believe, that should she ever gain the ascendancy in this country, her principles would assume their original shape, and work out their legitimate results. That she is striving for the ascendancy, there can be no doubt, and that she aims to compass this end by becoming the presiding genius of American education, seems equally clear. When once she allures the youth to her halls, "*Religioni et artibus sacrum*," she begins to spread her vail over his eyes. And this is easy; for she directs his studies, closes up his communication with the world, wins his confidence by kind attentions, enchants him with her imposing ceremonies, and alarms him by gradually pressing upon his immature mind her favorite dogma, "Salvation in the arms of the *Church* only." We blame her not for this: her principles demand it. But *shame* on the Protestantism which says those principles are from hell, yet stirs not to counterwork them. The vigorous, youthful mind of these United States will be educated; and if it find no provision for this purpose in Protestant Churches, what wonder if it turn to holy Mother? That University will stand while nations are overturned. If Methodism falter in its support, and finally forsake it, Romanism will come to its relief; and gladly would she now run up those winding stairs, to nail the wooden cross to yon dome, and descending, pitch out of the window the portraits of Wright, and Finley, and Collins, and Young, to hang in their places those of Purcell, and Eccleston, and Pope Gregory XVI, and Ignatius Loyola. God hide me from such an hour. But what have I lived to see? Methodist youth within the walls of Catholic nunneries and monasteries, for the sake of

cheap Latin and Greek! And what *may* I live to see? Those same young men and women returning home with golden crosses upon their bosoms, to scorn the religion of their dying and broken-hearted parents, while the sighs upon every breeze ask, what is the reason? And the silver in the coffers answers, it is not with me; and the barns, pressed out with new grain, and the cattle upon a thousand hills respond, it is not with us.

What a contrast does the policy of Rome present to ours. Shall Methodism be like the ostrich, which God hath deprived of wisdom, and which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the beast may break them? Is she hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers? Romanism, like the eagle, "mounts up and maketh her nest on high; she dwelleth and abideth on the *rock*—upon the *crag* of the rock, and the *strong* place. From *thence* she seeketh her prey, and her eyes behold *afar off*; her young ones suck up blood, and where the slain is, there is she."

6. It is the duty of the Church to occupy the missionary fields which the divine providence is opening. And how extensive are these fields! The isles of the sea wait for God's law; India offers her immense population to unembarrassed Christian enterprise; Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and Arabia, are yielding to the advance of Christian civilization; China, separated, for ages, from the Christian world by an impenetrable wall, has suddenly presented defenseless borders, and invited the armies of Zion to the conquest, at once, of half the human race; and Africa, already illumined at her northern and southern extremities, by reflection from Europe, and irradiated on her western border by the dawn of a Gospel morning, turns a hundred gates upon their golden hinges, opening the paths of her interior mountains to the feet of "him that bringeth good tidings." How shall we respond to these trumpet calls? Will the benighted millions be converted unless they hear? And how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they have preachers unless some be sent? and whom shall we send? Men with suitable qualifications, surely. What are these? Piety and a call from God, are a *sine qua non* in relation to the minister; but something more may be necessary. As the Bible must be translated, stupid millions aroused and enlightened, the rising generation trained and educated, the captious Brahmin met and confounded, and the hollowness of a



venerable and gorgeous philosophy exposed, surely, in a world, and under a dispensation, where God works according to immutable laws, a disciplined understanding, a taste for study, and a knowledge of the principles of language, and the laws of the human mind, are indispensable. If, therefore, the Church needs missionaries of such qualifications, she is bound to erect colleges, where they may be obtained: not that she may make missionaries, but that she may make *men*, whom God may make missionaries.

III. The community at large is interested in sustaining this college. Colleges are barriers to many of the greatest evils which threaten this Union. We instance a few:

1. Avarice. This has prevailed in all ages, and has generally increased with the progress of civilization. It is more to be feared in a republican than a monarchical government. Rome and Carthage may trace their destruction to it; and our Union, which, in her infancy, imitated the early virtues of those ancient states, seems, prematurely, to be following the steps which led to their decline.

We who boast our independence, bow the pliant knee to King Money, who commands more respect in free America, than royalty itself in monarchical Europe. Nor is this tyrant a discerning one. Although he sometimes patronizes virtue, and promotes learning and religion, he more frequently is the forerunner of luxury and effeminacy, the companion of vice, and the refuge of crime. We see him often silencing the pulpit, swaying the halls of legislation, corrupting the bench, and even cutting the rope of criminal justice. Well has inspiration written, "The love of money is the root of all evil"—itself neither good nor evil, and, when properly employed, a great blessing, yet, when it commands the heart, an all comprehending curse. The nation, as the individual, that covets money, "falls into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." The speculations of the past ten years are a fearful proof. What shall arrest this growing evil? The only effectual barrier is the Gospel; but auxiliaries should not be despised, more especially since "the God of this world blinds the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the Gospel should shine unto them." Among these auxiliaries is the college. The common school may stimulate the desire for money, by furnishing abilities for its acquisition, but the college bears us above the region of utilitarianism, to the land of the fair and the



pure, where men drink of the Pierian spring, not shallow and intoxicating draughts, but deep and sobering ones. Learning, by enlarging the understanding, enables us to make a proper estimate of the purpose of life : by furnishing subjects of pleasing and profitable meditation, it allays our anxieties in prosperity, and, by affording elevating and tranquilizing amusements, it moderates our sorrows in adversity. It refines the taste, and thus excites disgust at unworthy occupations, and disproportionate desires. It weakens the influence of that part of our nature which we have in common with brutes, by stimulating that which we have in common with angels. It diminishes the charms of our outer possessions, by broadening and beautifying our inner. The scholar finds within himself a world of light, where he can survey the Coliseum, tread the Pantheon, stand upon Mars' Hill, or muse within the Porch, the Academy, or the Lyceum. Here he can study metaphysics with Aristotle, languages with Plato, mathematics with Euclid, and philosophy with Socrates. He can soar and sing with Homer, sail the seas with Cæsar, and conquer the world with Alexander. Learning diminishes the attractions of business, by increasing the attractions of nature. As the scholar walks abroad, the flowers of the field discourse sweetly in his soul's ear : every mineral beneath his footsteps seems his own familiar friend, and every animal in his pathway speaks volumes, in accents which he understands. Truth springs out of the earth to meet him ; righteousness looks down from heaven to smile upon him ; the winds break forth around him into melody ; the universe becomes to him a temple, and as he swells its worship and song, tell him of the money changers, and you provoke him to make a scourge of small cords. There may be scholars who are mean and worldly, but they are so in spite of the tendencies of learning. Few of the truly learned are inordinately pursuing wealth.

2. Another evil which threatens our nation is, her political conflicts. The patronage of the President, always great, has, at length, become alarming, and the scramble which it encourages, may yet tear the government in pieces. It is easy to see that corruption and overthrow await any republic in which the elections are a strife for spoils. What is the remedy ? Patronage is essential to administration, and if transferred to the Senate, or any other co-ordinate branch, we should, probably, have more corruption with

less responsibility. Colleges have a tendency to correct this evil, by increasing the intelligence of the people, and diminishing the number of aspirants for office. Who are such? Not successful professional men. They scorn the demagogue. Not the philosopher. He who can number and weigh the stars, can be readily reconciled to a limited dominion over the creatures of a day. His "promised wonders," visions of past and present worlds, have composed his mind "into the calm of a contented knowledge." *He* shouts not in the maddened crowd. Who, then, are they that clamor for office? Quacks, pettifoggers, theological experimenters—mere mental cripples, who, being unable to live by *professional* tricks, resort to *political* ones. Establish colleges numerous as society demands, and you will fill the professions with men, who, pursuing their avocations with credit to themselves, and profit to the community, would scorn to bow where "thrift may follow fawning." True, we have scholars in public life, but they generally occupy high station, which they rarely seek, and reluctantly fill.

3. Another national evil we have to dread is, the tendency of our government to usurpation. The object of the framers of our Constitution was, a government in equilibrium, tending neither to consolidation, nor disunion. When they had completed their work, there were distinguished statesmen who pronounced it a rope of sand. Had they lived to this day, they would have found the rope not very sandy. We have trying times ahead. Look at our political horizon! I see a cloud of war rising in the west: I behold a whirlwind coming from the east: "I perceive a storm, big with thunder and lightning, gathering in the south, which, wherever the hurricane shall carry it, will fill all places with a shower of blood." We need, in the vessel of state, pilots such as Pericles—marines that have mused at the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the Bay of Salamis, or read epitaphs on the plains of Marathon. We need commanders like him who

"Wielded, at will, the fierce democracy,  
And fulminated over Greece to Macedon,  
And Artaxerxes' throne."

Where shall we look for them? Go ask history who have been the asserters of liberty. Who burst the chains which had bound the civilized world in a bondage of ages? The classical Luther. Who, from time to time, resisted the encroachments of monarchy,

and hedged thrones about with constitutional restrictions? Who was John Hampden, that rose alone, "the argument of all tongues," in resistance to taxation by prerogative, and at whose voice, when an appeal was made to arms, ten thousand flaming swords leaped from the thighs of freemen? Who first resisted taxation without representation? Wherever an argument was to be made, or a battle to be fought, there were the sons of Yale and Harvard. Who signed the Declaration of Independence? All graduates but ten, and they scholars. Who framed the American Constitution? Its principles were drawn by classical scholars, through ancient languages, and from ancient forms of government. The spirit of the college is the spirit of liberty. From those halls we hope to send out a phalanx hostile, terrible, destructive to the hosts of political corruption. Let demagogues and despots oppose colleges—'tis fitting they should; but the patriot and the statesman will rally to their support.

Though the village, the Church, the community, be deeply engaged in erecting the University, it is necessary to make a further inquiry; for unless God build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Better lay our foundations on the earthquake, than without his blessing; but this, we trust, we have. Christianity has always found learning an important auxiliary. It was planted by men of extraordinary and supernatural scholarship: it flourished in the first ages under the labors of Clemens, Origen, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine—men of the ripest learning: it was revived by Wickliffe, Melancthon, Calvin, Knox, and others—as profound in philosophy as in piety: it has been spreading in the latter days, under Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, Witherspoon, Fisk—as celebrated for literature as religion. Piety without knowledge often degenerates into superstition, enthusiasm, or heresy. That we may have learning without religion is true, and that it may prove a curse as it did in revolutionary France is also true; but that religion makes no great progress without learning is a proposition equally clear. Then the Divine blessing must be upon the means of its promotion. The college teaches truth—from God, leading, unless perverted, to God, and, like God, eternal—dwelling in light. We have laid our corner-stone in prayer, we are carrying on our work in faith, and we hope to bring forth the cope-stone with shouting. May we not expect revivals? If not, we shall be less fortunate than



any other Christian college. If we have God's blessing, though we must work with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other, we shall complete our structure.

I have no time to notice objections; but when we appeal for support, how often are we met with this: The college is important, but it is designed for the rich, let them found and sustain it. A great mistake: the rich can have colleges in their own houses, or send to Europe. It is the poor man that the college specially blesses. One-half the pupils of our colleges are the sons of the poor; one-third, perhaps, rely more or less upon themselves for support. When the college comes into a place, let the *poor* utter their voice and clap their hands on high. Look yonder! those halls are hung with tapestry, those glasses sparkle with vermilion, those floors are spread with carpets of Turkey's richest dye: there appetite is sated, sense entranced, and passion frantic with enjoyment; but, lo! the pestilence that walketh in darkness stands within the portals. At midnight a cry is heard, the pillow of down groans, terrors take a hold of the house like waters, and ere the cock crows thrice, the master of that mansion is numbered with the sheeted dead. Scarce are his remains interred, when a new grief comes upon his youthful widow. She learns that his estate is insolvent, and kneeling, trusts in the father of the fatherless, and the widow's God. A few friends procure for her a neat cottage on the common, and her father bestows upon her a small annuity. And now her chief care is her sons. Musing in the serene evening, she observes the light streaming from the college dome. Suddenly an inward light flashes on her mind: "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away," and "the friends they bring depart with them. Knowledge and virtue are the true and enduring riches." She forms her resolve, dismisses her anxiety, and for once the pallet of straw is soft to her temples. The next morning, seated before her open Bible, she calls up her rosy-cheeked boys, folds an arm around each, and impressing a kiss, first upon the lips of one, and then upon the cheeks of the other, says, "My sons, 'lover and friend hath God put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness,' my riches have dissolved as dew, my heart is weaned from earth, and I have no wish to live, but for your sakes. The dread of rearing you in ignorance and poverty has been too painful for me; but, look! yonder is the college: its doors are open to the poor—its



honors free to the fatherless. The cost of collegiate education consists mainly in the expense of board—the danger of it in the absence of parental care; but, in the midst of our calamities, we are fortunate; for our location gives us advantages over most of the wealthy families of the land. Go, my sons; be the joy of your widowed mother; struggle with the sons of fortune; let your riches be the immortal riches of the mind; so shall ye be my jewels.” Years revolve, and, on a bright summer morning, an immense crowd fills the spacious chapel to witness commencement exercises. Who is that sprightly youth? It is Governor M.’s son. And who is this? It is Secretary W.’s son. This is an excellent speaker, who is he? It is Judge B.’s son. Lastly, there steps forth upon the platform, a pale-faced, black-eyed, plain-dressed youth, his knees gently tremble as he stands a moment a mute spectator of the crowd, and a blush mantles his blanched cheek. A breathless silence pervades the assembly, as they mark his modest mien, and the angelic amplitude of his forehead, concealed, in part, by careless ringlets. Presently, he opens his golden mouth, and charms the audience with the dulcet melody of his voice, the harmony of his periods, and the majesty and authority of his thoughts; and now mark how the godlike light flashes from his eyeballs—how the respiration hurries—how the veins of the temple swell, and how the voice rises to majestic fullness, as he bears his audience aloft to the highest regions of eloquence. As he takes his seat, a rustling is heard, as when the leaves of the forest are swept by the breeze, and from bench to bench goes the inquiry, in louder and still louder whispers, Who is that? Presently, all eyes are turned to a widow in that corner weeping tears of joy. The band strikes up “Hail Columbia,” and all weep with her. And now the audience are dismissed, mark her as she trips over the commons, borne up on the right and on the left by her sons: you would think her aged feet were winged. And now, that the evening shades have gathered round her, and she kneels, in her humble cottage, between her sons, in solemn prayer, what think you are the first words that burst from her grateful lips? Why, “The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage.”

The post of instructor in college is, by no means, an enviable one. The compensation, small; the honors, after death; the labors, arduous and incessant. I know no employment more heart-

trying, spirit-wasting, health-destroying. Were all students amiable, talented, and pious, they would reconcile professors to their lot; but, alas! in this land children are rarely trained by parents in the way that they should go; still we welcome them with hope—we spurn not, without trial, the surly, proud, self-willed youth. We throw around him arms of love, pour into his ears the voice of entreaty, and bedew his cheeks with the tears of fraternal sympathy. We read to him the commandments of God, preach to him Jesus and the resurrection, bear his name to the throne of grace, and often, in watches of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, we see the terrible vision of his danger, and our pillows cannot bear up our aching heads. Why, then, do men leave the word of God to serve college tables? Men, called to preach, have qualifications to influence mind that others have not, and surely the highest abilities for operating upon the human soul are needed in the college. I have no fear that I am out of my path. I have accepted my appointment from a solemn conviction of duty, not, however, arising from a sense of superior qualifications for it, but from the impossibility of obtaining any other incumbent. I expect to retain it until disease materially impairs my abilities, or the post can attract superior ones. My feeble frame once could bear confinement, toil, and solicitude, it can do so no longer. Sickness will soon compel me to resign the trust I have received, unless I shall, ere long, receive a summons to the grave.

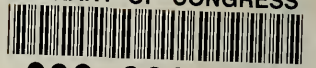
Brethren, in behalf of myself and my colleagues, I say, “Pray for us.” Gentlemen of the Faculty, suffer a word of exhortation: we are in the midst of death, sickness has recently reminded us of our frailty, let us labor while the day lasts, knowing that the night of death is approaching. Gentlemen of the Trustees, we look to you for direction, sympathy, and support.

Young gentlemen of the institution, second our efforts to cultivate your minds, your manners, and your hearts. Show that the retreat of the Muses purifies, humanizes, exalts, and leads to God. So shall your Alma Mater be like an angel standing in the sun—radiating long streams of mingled earthly and heavenly light to distant points and remote ages.





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